



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV—NO. 21.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1802.

WHOLE NO. 697.

## THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

BUT, however satisfied Mr. Seymour might be with his motives on this occasion, his feelings revolted at the consciousness of the anguish he had occasioned Agnes. He wished, ardently wished, he had dared to have been kinder: and when Caroline, who was incapable of the meanness of concealing any action which she thought it right to perform, told him of the gift she had in person bestowed on Agnes, he could scarce forbear commending her conduct; and, while he forbade any future intercourse between them, he was forced to turn away his head to hide the tear of gratified sensibility, and the smile of parental exultation: nevertheless, he did not omit to bid her keep her own counsel, "for, if your conduct were known," added he, "what would the world say?"

No wonder then, that, softened as he was by Agnes's application, though he deemed the scheme wild and impracticable, and afraid he had treated her unkindly, he was pleased to have an opportunity of obliging her, without injuring himself, and that her request to the governors was strengthened by his representations; nor is it extraordinary, that, alive as he always was to the opinion of every one, he should dread seeing Agnes after the reception he had given her, more than she dreaded to appear before the board.

Agnes, who had borrowed of Fanny the dress of a respectable maid servant, when summoned to attend the governors, entered the room with a modest but dignified composure, prepared to expect contumely, but resolved to indure it as became a contrite heart. But no contumely awaited her.

In the hour of her prosperity she had borne her faculties so meekly, and had been so careful never to humble any one by showing a consciousness of superiority, that she had been beloved even more than she had been admired; and hard indeed must the heart of that man have been, who could have rejoiced that she herself was humbled.

A dead, nay a solemn silence took place on her entrance. Every one present beheld with surprise, and with stolen looks of pity, the ravages which remorse and anguish had made in her form, and the striking change in her apparel; for every one had often followed with delight her graceful figure through the dance, and gazed with admiration on the tasteful varieties of her dress; every one had listened with pleasure to the winning sound of her voice, and envied Fitzhenry the possession of such a daughter. As they now beheld her, these recollections forcibly occurred to them:—they agonized—they overcame them.—They thought of their own daughters, and secretly prayed Heaven to keep them from the voice of the seducer:—away went all their resolutions to receive Agnes with that open disdain and detestation which her crime deserved; the sight of her disarmed them; and not one amongst them, had for some moments, firmness enough to speak. At last, "Pray sit down, Miss Fitzhenry," said the President, in a voice hoarse with emotion: "Here is a chair," added another; and Mr. Sey-

mour, bowing as he did it, placed a seat for her near the fire.

Agnes, who had made up her mind to bear expected indignities with composure, was not proof against unexpected kindness; and hastily turning towards the window, she gave vent to her sensations in an agony of tears. But recollecting the business on which she came, she struggled with her feelings; and on being desired by the President to explain to the board what she wanted, she began to address them in a faint and faltering voice: however, as she proceeded, she gained courage, remembering it was her interest to affect her auditors, and make them enter warmly into her feelings and designs. She told her whole story, in as concise a manner as possible, from the time of her leaving Clifford to her rencontre with her father in the forest, and his being torn from her by the keepers; and when she was unable to go on, from the violence of her emotions, she had the satisfaction of seeing that the tears of her auditors kept pace with her own. When her narrative ended, she proceeded thus:

"I come now, gentlemen, to the reason of my troubling you. From the impression the sight of me made on my father, I feel a certain conviction that, were I constantly with him, I might in time be able to restore to him that reason my guilt has deprived him of. To effect this purpose, it is my wish to become a servant in this house: if I should not succeed in my endeavors, I am so sure he will have pleasure in seeing me, that I feel it my duty to be with him, even on that account; and, if there be any balm for a heart and conscience so wounded as mine, I must find it in devoting my future days to alleviate though I cannot cure, the misery I have occasioned. And if," added she with affecting enthusiasm, "it should please Heaven to smile on my endeavors to restore him to reason, how exquisite will be my satisfaction in laboring to maintain him!"

To this plan it is to be supposed the governors saw more objection than Agnes did; but, though they rejected the idea of her being a servant in the house, they were not averse to giving her an opportunity of making the trial she desired, if it were only to alleviate her evident wretchedness; and, having consulted the medical attendants belonging to the institution, they ordered that Agnes should be permitted two hours at a time, morning and evening, to see Fitzhenry. And she, who had not dared to flatter herself she should obtain so much, was too full of emotion to show, otherwise than by incoherent expressions and broken sentences, her sense of the obligation.

"Our next care," observed the President, "must be, as friends of your poor father, to see what we can do for your future support."—"That, sir, I shall provide for myself," replied Agnes; "I will not eat the bread of idleness, as well as of shame and affliction, and shall even rejoice in being obliged to labor for my support, and that of my child—happy, if, in fulfilling well the duties of a mother, I may make some atonement for having violated those of a daughter."

"But, Miss Fitzhenry," answered the President, "accept at least some assistance from us till you can find means of maintaining yourself."—"Ne-

ver, never," cried Agnes: "I thank you for your kindness, but I will not accept it; nor do I need it. I have already accepted assistance from one kind friend, and merely because I should, under similar circumstances, have been hurt at having a gift of mine refused; but, allow me to say that, from the wretchedness into which my guilt has plunged me, nothing henceforward but my industry shall relieve me."

So saying, she curtied to the gentlemen, and hastily withdrew, leaving them all deeply affected by her narrative, and her proposed explanatory plan of life, and ready to grant her their admiration, should she have resolution to fulfil her good intentions, after the strong impression which the meeting with her father in the forest had made on her mind, should have been weakened by time and occupation.

Agnes hastened from the governors' room to put in force the leave she had obtained, and was immediately conducted to Fitzhenry's cell. She found him with his back to the door, drawing with a piece of coal on the wall; and as he did not observe her entrance, she had an opportunity of looking over his shoulder, and she saw that he had drawn the shape of a coffin, and was then writing on the lid the name of Agnes.

A groan which involuntarily escaped her made him turn round; at sight of her he started, and looked wildly as he had done in the forest; then, shaking his head and sighing deeply, he resumed his employment, and occasionally looking back at Agnes; who, at length overcome by her feelings, threw herself on the bed beside him, and burst into tears.

Hearing her sobs, he immediately turned round again, and, patting her cheek as he had done on their first meeting, said, "Poor thing! poor thing!" and, fixing his eyes stedfastly on her face, while Agnes turned towards him and pressed his hand to her lips, he gazed on her as before with a look of anxious curiosity; then, turning from her, muttered to himself, "She is dead, for all that."

Soon after, he asked her to take a walk with him; adding in a whisper, "We will go find her grave;" and, taking her under his arm, he led her to the garden, smiling on her from time to time, as if it gave him pleasure to see her; and sometimes laughing, as if at some secret satisfaction which he would not communicate. When they had made one turn round the garden, he suddenly stopped, and began singing—"Tears such as tender fathers shed," that pathetic song of Handel's, which he used to delight to hear Agnes sing: "I can't go on," he observed, looking at Agnes, "can you?" as if there were in his mind some association between her and that song; and Agnes, with a bursting heart, took up the song where he left off.

Fitzhenry listened with restless agitation; and when she had finished, he desired her to sing it again. "But say the words first," he added: and Agnes repeated—

"Tears such as tender fathers shed,  
Warm from my aged eyes descend,  
For joy, to think, when I am dead,  
My son will have mankind his friend."

"No, no," cried Fitzhenry, with quickness,

"for joy to think when I am dead, Agnes will have mankind her friend." I used to sing it so; and so did she, when I bade her do so. O! she sung it so well!--But she can sing it no more now for she is dead; and we will go look for her grave."

Then he ran hastily round the garden, while Agnes, whom the words of this song, by recalling painful recollections, had almost deprived of reason, sat down on a bench, nearly insensible, till he again came to her, and, taking her hand, said in a hurried manner, "You will not leave me, will you?" And on her answering No, in a very earnest and passionate manner, he looked delighted; and, saying, "Poor thing!" again gazed on her intently; and again Agnes's hopes that he would in time know her returned. "Very pale, very pale!" cried Fitzhenry the next moment, stroking her cheek; "and she had such a bloom!--Sing again; for the love of God, sing again!"--and in a hoarse, broken voice, Agnes complied. "She sung better than you," rejoined he, when she had done;--"so sweet, so clear it was! But she is gone!" So saying, he relapsed into a total indifference to Agnes, and every thing around him--and again her new raised hopes vanished.

[To be continued.]

#### THE MUSICIAN--A CHARACTER.

A Musician is like an echo, a retail dealer in sounds. As Diana is the goddess of the silver bow, so is he the lord of the wooden one: he has an hundred strings to his bow; other people are bow-legged, but he is bow-armed; and, though armed with a bow, he has no skill in archery. He plays with cat-gut and kit-fiddle. His fingers and arms run a constant race, the former would run away from him, did not a bridge interpose, and oblige him to pay toll. He can distinguish sounds as other men distinguish colors. His companions are Crotchets and Quavers. Time will never be a match for him, for he beats him most unmercifully. He runs after an Italian air openmouthed, with as much eagerness as some fools have fought for the philosopher's stone. He can bring tune over the seas, and thinks it more excellent because far-fetched. His most admired domesticities are Soprano, Siciliano, Andantino, and all the Anos and Inos that constitute the musical science. He can scrape, scratch, shake, diminish, increase, flourish, &c. and he is so delighted with the sound of his own viol, that an ass would sooner lend his ears to any thing than to him; and a dog shakes a pig, so does he shake a note, by the ear, and never lets it go till he makes it squeak. He is a walking yellow, and crucifies more than a dozen standing ones. He often involves himself in dark and intricate passages, till he is put to the shift, and is obliged to get out of a scrape--by scraping. He tears his audience in various ways; as I wear away my pen, so does he wear away the string of his fiddle. There is no medium in him, he is either in a flat or sharp-key, though both are natural to him. He deals in third minors, and major thirds, proves a turncoat, and is often in the majority and minority in the course of a few minutes.--He runs over the flat as often as a race horse;--both meet the same fate, as they terminate in a cadence; the difference is, one is driven by the whip-hand, the other by the bow-arm; one deals in staccato, the other in flaccato. As a through-bred hound discovers, by instinct, his game from all other animals, so an unexperienced musician feels the composition of Handel or Corelli.

TIMOTHY CATCUT.

#### REVENGE.

SOMETHING more than a century ago, the Marquis of Astorga, a Spanish nobleman, having prevailed on a young woman of great beauty to become his mistress, the Marchioness hearing of it, went to her lodgings with some assassins, killed her, tore out her heart, carried it home, made a ragout of it, and presented the dish to the Marquis. "It is exceedingly good," said he. "No wonder," she answered; "since it is made of the heart of that creature you so much doted on." And to confirm what she had said, she immediately drew out the head, all bloody, from beneath her hoop, and rolled it on the floor, her eyes sparkling all the time with a mixture of pleasure and fury.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### SENTIMENTAL FEELINGS.

YE pow'rs who o'er the human breast preside,  
And make the bliss of man your constant care,  
Indulgent listen, while I ask your aid,  
And humbly prostrate, breathe my ardent pray'r.

While others ask for riches or for fame,  
If wife their wish, benign the boon impart;  
Tho' different mine, their suit let others blame,  
But O! on me bestow the feeling heart.

The pride of splendid domes, the glittering car,  
And pleasure-walks, I freely will resign;  
For countless wealth no pray'r would I prefer,  
But O! be sentimental pleasures mine.

Wide as the world of rationals my soul,  
Diffuse the gen'rous and the heartfelt wish;  
No creed, no clime, the rising flame control,  
But may it burn for universal bliss.

Teach me to feel the joy another knows,  
And catch the sparkling radiance of his eye;  
And while my breast with beams reflected glows,  
Forbid pale Envy's haggard train to rise.

True as the trembling needle to the pole,  
Instruct my heart to turn to others' woe;  
May equal sympathy affect my soul,  
The while it turns it always trembles too.

Tho' pierc'd with many a vicious wound,  
Still soft, still tender be my feeling breast;  
For ev'ry wretch the gen'rous tear be found,  
The full sigh heav'd for ev'ry one distress'd.

Should pale Disease my lonely cot invade,  
And Health my humble roof forever fly;  
Let not the selfish tear alone be shed,  
Nor unreliev'd, the wretched wander by.

Should Poverty's hard hand my pow'r confine,  
O let it ne'er contract the gen'rous heart;  
Teach me the scanty pittance to resign,  
And half my portion freely to impart.

When famish'd Hunger craves the humble meal,  
And shiv'ring Nakedness calls loud for aid;  
My smaller wants forbid me then to feel,  
Nor bear to see their humble suit denied.  
When drooping melancholy claims my care,  
And Grief's dejected offspring wanders by;  
If not remove their sorrows, may I share,  
And speak a pitying word, or breathe a sigh.

Be it my grand design to calm Distress,  
To wipe the tear from off the mourner's cheek;  
With lenient balm to heal the wounded breast,  
And consolation's sweetest love to speak,

Oft as I wander thro' the pensive grove,  
(For thro' the pensive grove I oft would stray,)  
Ye pow'rs of softness! meet me as I rove,  
And swell my soul with sweet humanity.

Oft may the glowing cheek, and glitt'ning eye,  
And palpitating breast proclaim you near;  
There may I breathe the unutterable sigh,  
And often feel the sudden gushing tear.

Thro' all the varied scenes of changing life,  
Ye pitying pow'rs! this gladd'ning boon impart;  
All else, as best seems, withhold or give,  
But O! deny me not the FEELING HEART.

Feb. 26. VIATOR.

#### SONNET.

CHILDHOOD! I love to mark thy cherub smile,  
Thy spring elastic, and thy busy pace,  
Anxious the painted insect to beguile,  
With fear, hope, transport, pictur'd in thy face.

And, if thou see'st a parent's sorrowing eye,  
Lisp'ing wilt ask to kiss away her pain,  
Let fall a trickling tear, thou know'st not why,  
Then hie thee joyous to thy sports again.

Ah! who would check the raptures of thy mind  
With serious warnings of thy future doom:  
Round infant brows a wreath of cypress bind,  
And tear youth's flow'rets in their earliest bloom?

Few are the roses that life's eye adorn,  
Noon blights the buds that open'd with the morn.

[MISS LOCKE.

#### CONVENIENT DINING TABLE.

BURTON HALL in Ireland is built on a little river that parts the counties of Carlow and Kildare, so that the table of the hall stands on those two counties.--A few years ago the following curious affair happened there. A man who possessed a considerable estate, by unforeseen misfortunes came to decay; and a rigid creditor, by his spies, having notice that this unfortunate gentleman had gone to Burton Hall, hurried away to the Sheriff of the county of Kildare, and in company with him hastened to the hall. The unfortunate debtor was the first that perceived them coming up the avenue, and turning pale said to the company, "I am undone." The master of the house knowing the affair, bade him take courage, telling him that he should dine in safety with his creditor and the sheriff; and then placing him in a chair in the county of Carlow side of the Table, he invited in the creditor and the sheriff to dine with him. As soon as the creditor entered the Hall, he cried out to the Sheriff, "There is your prisoner, take care of him." But he was instantly informed, to his no small disappointment and chagrin, that the prisoner (as he called him) was in the county of Carlow and of consequence that the Sheriff of Kildare had no power over him.

#### SINGULAR HONESTY.

WE think the following remarkable instance of honesty, though occurring in the humbler walks of life, as fully worthy of recording as those in a more splendid and elevated sphere. A few days past a man named Asa Huntington, belonging to the society of Shakers, from Stafford, in Vermont, called at this office, and made enquiry after some ancient families in this town, with whom he had had some acquaintance about twenty-five years ago. Since his departure we have learned the nature of this acquaintance and his business with the people enquired after. It seems that in 1776 or 1777, this conscientious follower of Jemima was a soldier, stationed at Fort Trumbull, in this town and in the course of the time he remained on the station had stolen some geese, to the number of five, from some families in the neighborhood of the garrison. In process of time, however we find him converted to the principles of the Shakers, and doing honor to them and to himself by making a long journey, twenty-five years after committing the trespass, for the sole purpose of finding out and making restitution to the injured persons; to each of whom, or their heirs, he paid the sum of one dollar for every goose he had taken, thus restoring four dollars, according to the direction of the bible, for the property stolen.

[New-London Bee.]

#### GLEANINGS.

THE Emperor Sigismund having granted the title of nobleman to a learned doctor, he observed the man at court taking his place among the nobles, and not, as formerly, among the professors. "What a simpleton he is!" observed the Emperor: "I can make a thousand gentlemen every day of my life; but I cannot make one learned man."

THE Prince of Conde, in a council of war before the battle of Rocroi, speaking of the advantages of possessing that place, the Marechal de Gassion replied, "But if we lose it, what will become of us?" "I do not consider that," (replied the Prince,) as I shall die before that happens."

A Philosopher being blamed by a slanderer for defending an argument weakly against the Emperor Adrian, replied, "What, would you have me contend with a man who commands thirty legions of soldiers?"

#### ANECDOTE.

A Couple went to Heanor Church, in Derbyshire, to be joined together in holy bands of matrimony; at the altar, when the priest came to that part of the ceremony, when it expressly says, "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" the rustic gravely replied, "No! I wonner."--The priest surprised at this reply, desired to know his reasons.--"Whoy," says he, "it wonner do to dey." Not satisfied with this, he expostulated on the impropriety of such conduct, and desired to be informed in positive terms of his motives for so doing? The swain answered, "Whoy I've changed my mind since I came into church, and I wonner ha her." From this determination no arguments whatever could remove him.--On coming out of the church the intended bride-maids set too and gave the fickle swain so found a drubbing, that it is thought the next time his courage leads him there again, the remembrance of aching bones will carry him through with the business. [London paper]

CONTENTMENT.

SHOULD Fortune with profusion bless my board,  
And Wealth her golden treasures give me,  
And Fame all that her tales could afford,  
And Pain, and Death, and, Sorrow leave me,  
Should Power her basted crescent wide display,  
And Pleasure point to scenes so lovely;  
And all the life of life should wing their way,  
And flustering friends attempt to soothe me.  
Should Pleasure, Wealth, and Fame, and Power attend,  
And use their art to make my bliss complete,  
O vain attempt! all these are fleeting wind,  
If once contrasted with CONTENTMENT sweet.  
CONTENTMENT has charms that ease the wounded breast;  
CONTENTMENT disarms our most malignant foe;  
CONTENTMENT without profusion is a feast,---  
CONTENTMENT sweet! alight upon my brow.

March 3.

S. S. L.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1802.

Capt. Wyeth of the brig *Happy Couple*, who arrived on Thursday in 48 days from St. Maloes, brings intelligence that the DEFINITIVE TREATY WAS SIGNED THE NINTH OF JANUARY.

FATE OF THE SCHOONER JOHN.

It is with regret we mention that the schooner *John*, Capt. Harrison, from this port bound to New-Orleans, missing since the storm of the 2d ult. is wrecked on Shoal-Harbor, near Middle-Town, and every soul which was on board perished. Mr. David Morris (the pilot) and Capt. Harrison were found dead on the beach, and another man in the hold. Capt. Taylor, of Middle-Town, who gives this information, informs that the remains of the deceased were decently interred by the inhabitants of that place last Sunday. He also mentions that the schooner's mainmast was carried away below the board, her hold full of water, and her quarter-deck ripped up. Her fore-top-sail, fore-top-gallant-sail, main-slay-sail, and two pipes of wine were found on the beach. It is presumed, that Mr. Morris and the Captain made an attempt to swim ashore, as a twenty dollar note was found in one of Capt. Harrison's pockets.

Mr. Morris was one of the oldest and most experienced pilots in the port. His death will not only prove a serious loss to his family, but to the community at large. He possessed a truly humane and charitable disposition. We are happy to learn, that some of the pilots have gone down to bring up the body of Mr. Morris, that they may have it in their power to show their respect and esteem to the remains of a man, to whom they are indebted for important instruction in their business. [Daily Gazette.]

The remains of Mr. Morris were brought to town on Thursday, and attended to the grave yesterday, from his late residence in Front-street, by a large number of friends and citizens.

On Thursday arrived the *Aspasia*, Capt. Fanning, in 117 days from Canton.

The ship *Diana*, Capt. Cook, from New-Orleans, arrived at Baltimore the 24th ult.

Feb. 9, lat. 24, 30, long. 80, 54, at 8, P. M. spoke the schooner *Nancy*, Morris, from Natchez bound to New-York---while in the act of speaking, we were passing each other in opposite directions, with a brisk breeze from the eastward; he being under my lee he called to me apparently in great confusion, that some one was overboard; I immediately hove my sails back, and lowered down my stern boat and sent it to the assistance of the drowning, whom we should not have found, it being dark, had he not kept calling out he should drown. When the boat came to him he desired they would take the woman in first, although he said she was dead, which apparently was the case; when she was taken into the boat there was not the least sign of life in her, but she soon came to when she got on board of the schooner. Capt. Morris informed me that the vessel rolling heavy to leeward, the woman who was a passenger, fell overboard; the man was a sailor and a passenger, and jumped immediately over after her, and supported her under one of his arms until my boat took them up.

About the last of December there was the highest wind experienced in the town of Adams, N. Hampshire, that the oldest inhabitant ever remembered. It carried devasta-

tion and destruction all before it, and blew down seventeen houses and barns. In the height of one of those hurricanes, the house of Mr. Ephraim Trickey took fire, and was entirely consumed, with all his furniture, beds, bedding and contents.

Melancholy account of the loss of the brig *Industry*, communicated in a letter from one of the passengers, to his parents in Bolton.

"Through the interposition of God, I am now enabled to write you; and to assure you, and my other relations and friends, that no personal injury has been sustained by me, although the loss of our vessel, of which you have heard was attended with scenes of extreme misery, and with death to most of our crew and passengers. The particulars were these, On the 15th November, we sailed from Halifax for St. John's, having on board 24 souls, 16 of which were passengers, and among them a lady with three children, the oldest five years and the youngest ten months on the 20th, being then 70 miles west of Sea-Isle, in the bay of Fundy, we discovered at about 8 o'clock in the evening, a fire in the after hold of the vessel; every endeavor was instantly tried to extinguish the flames; but in vain; the dry goods with which she was principally loaded, were all in flames, and had spread to every part of the brig. In this dreadful situation we had no other alternative; but to take to our boat, which being but 16 feet long was illly calculated either for containing so many souls or for navigating a sea which was then tempestuous. We however left the brig about 10 o'clock at night, and embarked on board our little boat; the wind then blowing from land; the next day two of the men died; and on the 3d the lady and her poor infants expired under their severe sufferings; from this time until we were taken up, the men were continually dying. The cries of the afflicted woman and her infant children were the most heart piercing of any thing I ever felt or experienced; to have saved them I would willingly have sacrificed my own life. During this period, and until we were relieved we had nothing to eat or drink. On the 6th day, we had but 5 out of the 24 that left the vessel with us; and these so exhausted with fatigue and hunger, as to be unable to throw all the dead overboard; indeed we were compelled to eat part of the flesh of one man, who had recently died. On the 7th day we were providentially taken up by a vessel, and carried to Yarmoth, on the Nova-Scotia shore; where every assistance and comfort was afforded us. One of the five taken up is since dead; and the others except myself, so frost bitten as to be forever maimed."

MORTALITY.

DEATH! great proprietor of all, 'tis thine  
To tread our empire, and to quench the stars---  
The sun himself by thy permission shines;  
And one day thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.  
Amid such mighty plunder, . . . . .  
Why thy peculiar rancor wreak on MAN: YOUNG.

DIED.

On the 12th of November last, at Senegal, on the coast of Africa, after a short illness, JONATHAN D. CLEMENT, of this city, in the 21st year of his age. . . . . To those who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance, it were unnecessary to recount his worth, their minds full well appreciate his merits; but to those to whom that happiness was, of necessity, denied, a brief outline of his character may not be thought unnecessary.

To manners the most agreeable, and a heart fraught with every sentiment that can enoble human nature, was joined an understanding enriched with the refinements of literature. Emulous of excelling in the more useful acquirements, his capacious mind treasured up whatever conduced to that valuable end. In his converse the emanations of genius shone conspicuous; and in his company pleasure brightened into transport. . . . If every exalted quality which distinguish the human character could have averted the stern decree, this amiable youth had remained secure from the shaft of the despoiler of terrestrial bliss. . . . When from a long acquaintance we are the more enabled to determine the intrinsic value of the object that first attracted our regard, a separation is felt the more acutely. . . . the idea of losing a cherished delight, occasions the most sensible anguish, and the sad recollection of that worth of which but the memento is retained, is painful to the heart. A large circle of friends, therefore, to whom his many excellent qualities had long endeared him, and whose esteem a momentary separation had the more increased, lament with heart-felt anguish, the afflicting stroke.

COURT OF HYMEN.

THRICE happy he, whose tour thro' life  
Is made with an endearing Wife!  
Then hails, fair youth, these blessings prove  
And taste the bliss of faithful Love.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. PETER M'KINLAY, merchant, of this city, to Miss MARY HOLROYD, of Flushing, L. I.

Same evening by the Rev. Mr. Cornelison, Mr. PETER KIP of Hackensack, to Miss MARY STUYVERSANT, of Bergen.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. THOMAS MILLARD, to Miss MARIA ANN CHEVER, both of this city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The History of Druidism, with remarks on the societies of the Druids, in this city, is well written, but too lengthy, and would invite discussion. Verses on the death of a Father,---Essay on Female Society, and several other favors will be attended to in our next.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3, Peck-Slip,

THE VICAR OF LANSDOWN.

A TALE,

By REGINA M. ROCHE, author of the *Maid of the Hamlet*, *Children of the Abbey*, &c.

TICKETS

IN THE NAVIGATION LOTTERY.

Sold by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be presented, a grand Dramatic Romance, (never performed here,) called,

Blue Beard,

OR, FEMALE CURIOSITY.

Music by Mr. KELLY, additional Music and Chorusses by Mr. PELLISIER.

Dresses by Mr. SHAPTER.

The Scenery, Machinery, Dresses and Decorations entirely new.

To which will be added, the Entertainment of

Who's the Dupe.

Vivat Respublica.

JAMES ALWAYS,

Windfor Chair Maker.

Informs his Customers and the Public in general, that he continues to carry on his WINDSOR CHAIR BUSINESS, at No. 40 James Street, where Windfor Chairs of every description, may be had on short notice and reasonable terms. He likewise informs the public, that he has good accommodations for drying old Chairs, when repainted, and will take them from any part of the town, and return them in good order; he will paint them green or any fancy color, at a very low price.

NB. All orders for painting Window blinds carefully attended to. January 30,

TO LET.

From the first of May next, a genteel two story BRICK HOUSE, the upper part of Greenwich Street, directly opposite Lefpinaud's Brewery, containing five rooms exclusive of the garret; has a convenient Kitchen and roomy Cellar, a cistern in the yard, and a handsome garden, containing a variety of fruit and ornamental trees. The whole replete with every convenience for a genteel family. For further particulars enquire of WILLIAM PELL, on the premises, or JOHN HARRISON No 3 Peck Slip. Jan. 16 1802.

STAMPED PAPER,

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

LUCY:

A BALLAD.

OH! days of innocence and peace!  
Oh, nights of sweet repose!  
From you those balmy blessings flow  
Which virtue only knows!

Such were the days which Lucy knew;  
Such harmless nights as these,  
Calm'd every scene, made labor light,  
And every object please.

But, ah! farewell those blissful scenes,  
Which, 'midst its native plains,  
Fond childhood views with partial eyes,  
And age itself retains!

Scenes which in sweet remembrance give  
That sadly pleasing joy,  
Not all the busy cares of life  
Or rolling years destroy.

The spot where erst her parents glad  
Her infant sports survey'd,  
And where so late with pride they view'd  
Their sweet unblemish'd maid---

Farewell her youthful joys! the dance,  
The roundelay and glee,  
y self-taught lads and lasses sung,  
Beneath her favorite tree---

The Sunday walk, the village bells,  
That charm'd the silent glen,  
The warbling birds---poor Lucy ne'er  
Shall taste these joys again!

### ADVICE TO MARRIED LADIES.

E fair married dames, who so often deplore  
That a lover once blest is a lover no more;  
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,  
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek and the glance of your eye,  
Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh;  
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,  
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your favorite guitar,  
Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar;  
How tuneful and soft for a delicate touch,  
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,  
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at demand;  
Exact with your husband the same happy skill,  
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd at your will.

Be gay and good humored, complying and kind,  
Turn the chief of you care from your face to your mind;  
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve,  
And Hymen shall rive the fetters of Love.

### SONG.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,  
Still, still on hope relies;  
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,  
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring paper's light,  
Adorns and cheers the way;  
And still, as darker grows the night,  
Emits a brighter ray.

[GOLDSMITH.]

### ANECDOTES.

THE following charge, worthy of Dogberry himself, was taken by a constable of the night, and produced before a sitting magistrate in London---"John Brown gave charge of Martha Brown, his wife, for wilfully scolding him; for being intoxicated, and quarrelling in her liquor at twelve o'clock at night." The magistrate dismissed it, as being an evil beyond the reach of law to remedy!

WHEN Dr Johnson was asked whether he believed Dr Dodd capable of writing dissertations when under sentence of death? "Why, yes, Sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged, it wonderfully concentrates his ideas."

## MORALIST.

THE shortness of life inculcates moderation of desires and affections. Should fear rise to terror, when we know that our heads may be laid before the calamity can burst upon them? Should hope swell to tumult, when it is certain, not only that possession will disappoint anticipation, but that what we obtain will be lost almost as soon as gained? Shall we envy distinctions, which the grave will soon annihilate? Or is pride a passion for a creature of a day?

### HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Motes, Tetter, Ringworms, Tan, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose, Neck or Arms, and Prickly Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

### DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been administered by the inventor, for several years while in England with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid for a short time, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurfy in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every person so afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, sold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents. Feb. 6.

### HIRAM GARDNER,

LADIES' SHOE-MAKER, No 91 BROAD-WAY.

RETURNS his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public in general, for the patronage he has received in the above profession, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, to merit which no endeavors shall be wanting.---At the same time he begs leave to state, that owing to the difficulties and expence necessarily attending the collection of small debts, he feels himself under the necessity of discontinuing giving credit on articles vendd by RETAIL, and trusts, as he proposes in future to vend his shoes one shilling per pair below the usual price, in order to render prompt payment a desirable object to the purchaser, that no offence will be taken by those who have hitherto honored him with their patronage, but that his friends as well the public, will cheerfully accede to what appears so equitable a proposition. Jan. 23

### REUBEN BUNN,

LADIES' SHOE-MAKER, No 60 WILLIAM-STREET,

RETURNS his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public in general, for the patronage he has received in the above profession, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, to merit which no endeavors shall be wanting.---At the same time he begs leave to state, that owing to the difficulties and expence necessarily attending the collection of small debts, he feels himself under the necessity of discontinuing giving credit on articles vendd by RETAIL, and trusts, as he proposes in future to vend his shoes one shilling per pair below the usual price, in order to render prompt payments desirable circumstance to the purchaser, that no offence will be taken by those who have hitherto honored him with their patronage, but that his friends as well as the public, will cheerfully accede to what appears so equitable a proposition. Jan. 23

### JOHN READ,

No. 53 and 155 Water-Street,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Acknowledges the favors of his friends and the public, and solicits a continuance; but informs them, that as many difficulties attend the collection of small debts, will discontinue giving credit by retail. He hopes no offence will be taken, as none is intended.

NB. Orders thankfully received, and liberal credit given. New-York, Feb. 23, 1803.

### HENRY WARTS,

Painter, Gilder and Glazier,

Has commenced the above business at No. 59 William-Street, where he solicits the patronage of his friends and the public in general. Feb. 20. 2w

## Novels.

For Sale by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

### THE ABBESS,

A Romance,---by W. H. Ireland.

### THREE STANARDS,

A ROMANCE,

By GEORGE WALKER.

### THE MONK,

A Romance,---By M. C. Lewis, Esq.

### CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY,

By REGINA M. ROSS.

### JACK SMITH,

OR THE CASTLE OF ST DONATE.

### TALE OF THE TIMES,

By the author of "A Gossip's Story."

### DE VALCOURT,

By Mrs. Bennett.

### SPIRIT OF THE CASTLE,

A Romance.

### E. FROST.

Perfumer and Ornamental Hair Manufacturers  
No 131 William street, respectfully informs the Ladies of N. York, that he has for sale a handsome assortment of imported WIGS, FRONTS and RINGLES, which for lightness, ease, and elegance is first, and unrivalled. Feb. 20. 95.

### FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,

The Genuine French Almond Paste,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. D. Bois, Perfumer, No 81 William-street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Straps of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

### J. TICE,

Perfumer and Ornamental Hair-Manufacturer.

Has removed from No. 19 Park Row, to No. 134 William-street, next door to Mr. Robertson's Carpet Store---where he has for sale an elegant assortment of Ladies' wigs and Fillers, of various colors, and of the most recent fashions, which he has received by late arrivals from Europe---with a general assortment of PERFUMERY, of the first quality, &c. &c.

He has also for sale---A new invented Liquid Blacking, for boots and shoes, which is an excellent preservation for the leather, and renders it water proof, and will not even soil the whitest silk. Black morocco that is become rusty, by the use of this Blacking, will look equal to new---To be had only at the above store. Nov. 14.

### FOR SALE.

A large and elegant assortment of Looking Glasses, gilt and mahogany frames, by Carter, Cornell and Co. at their LOOKING GLASS WARE HOUSE, No. 113, corner of Pearl street and Fly Market.

Also, just received, 30 boxes of Looking Glass Plates, and a quantity of the best Mahogany, suitable for cabinet work. Jan. 23. 91 if

Printed & Edited by JOHN HARRISON,

No. 3 Peck-Slip.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.]